

PDC

CRIME

10¢ NO. 43 DOES NOT PAY

all **TRUE**
CRIME STORIES

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"CASE OF THE LOVE SICK CLOWN"

A
TRUE
Story

CHICAGO—
MIRTH AND
MURDER JOINED
HANDS WHEN
BEAUTIFUL
SOPHIE SINGER
AND HER
SWEETHEART
TOOK ROOMS AT
A BOARDING
HOUSE ...

GREETINGS, FOLKS!
YOU WOULD BE MISS
SINGER AND MR.
WORTHEN! WE'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
YOU!

OH!!

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH FOR HOW CAN THE AUDIENCE
KNOW THAT THIS TIME YOUR PERFORMANCE
IS A SMILE OF DEATH!

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OH, CHARLIE, STOP YOUR FOOLING! CHARLIE'S JUST LEAVING TO PERFORM IN THE CIRCUS! YOU MUSTN'T MIND HIM!

OH, WE DON'T! HE'S AMUSING!

I HAVE A NICE ROOM FOR EACH OF YOU! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE UNTIL YOU GET MARRIED! WHEN IS THE HAPPY DAY?

WE HAVEN'T BUT SOON DECIDED I HOPE YET!

NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A LOVELY CREATURE - SO THEY ARE TO BE MARRIED ARE THEY? I SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT!

TOMORROW NIGHT SHE SHALL SEE ME PERFORM! PERHAPS I CAN JEST HER HEART AWAY FROM HIM AND KEEP IT FOR MY OWN!

WASN'T IT WONDERFUL OF CHARLES TO GET US SEATS FOR THE SHOW? HE'S SUCH A NICE CLOWN!

TOO NICE IF YOU ASK ME! I DON'T THINK HE'S VERY FUNNY!

OH LOOK, HERE HE COMES NOW!

OH, HA, HA, HA! ISN'T HE A RIOT?

HELLO, FOLKS! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PET DUCK? WANNA BUY IT?

HUMPH!

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YOU'RE REALLY VERY CLEVER, CHARLES! I ENJOYED MYSELF A GREAT DEAL!

THAT'S SWELL! I WANT YOU FOLKS TO COME ANYTIME YOU FEEL LIKE IT! I CAN GET YOU TICKETS!

THANK YOU, MR. CONWAY! BUT WE'LL BE QUITE BUSY!

SO YOU'LL BE QUITE BUSY! WELL MAYBE SOPHIE WON'T BE!

THUS DID THE WEEKS SPEED BY AND EACH WEEK CHARLES CONWAY'S LOVE BECAME STRONGER....

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WITH YOU, CHARLES? YOU'VE BEEN SURLY AND GROUCHY! YOU'RE NOT VERY KIND TO YOUR WIFE THESE DAYS!

OH, BE QUIET! I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND!

YES, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE! SOPHIE'S CUTE, ISN'T SHE?

SOPHIE! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? CAN'T I TALK TO PEOPLE?

YES, DEAR!
YOU CAN
TALK TO
PEOPLE!

GOODBYE!

SLAM

THAT BOY-FRIEND — HE'S GOING TO WORK!

SOPHIE! I..ER... WILL YOU COME TO THE CIRCUS WITH ME THIS AFTERNOON? WE CAN HAVE DINNER AFTERWARDS!

OH, THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU BUT I'M BUSY! I DO THINK YOU'RE VERY FUNNY, THOUGH!



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FUNNY...DO YOU
THINK IT'S FUNNY
WHEN I LIE AWAKE
ALL NIGHT THINK-
ING OF YOU...IS
THAT FUNNY?

WHY, CHARLES,
WHAT SILLY
TALK!

SOPHIE, MY
SOPHIE, CAN'T
YOU SEE I'M
IN LOVE
WITH YOU?

LOVE! HA, HA!
WHY YOU'RE
NOTHING BUT A
CLOWN! DON'T BE
FANTASTIC!

I'M NOT A CLOWN—
I'M AN ARTIST! YOU
CAN'T TALK TO ME
LIKE THAT, YOU
WITCH!



RUN ALONG TO YOUR
CIRCUS, LITTLE MAN!

Youoo
YOU!

SHE LAUGHED AT MY
LOVE FOR HER—CALLED
ME A CLOWN—A
FUNNY MAN!



ALRIGHT, CLOWN—GET
INTO YOUR ACT! THE
CROWD'S WAITIN'!

WHY YOU
BLASTED...
YOU'RE...
YOU'RE
FIRED!

SHE CAN'T SPURN MY
LOVE LIKE THAT! I'VE
GOT TO SEE HER AGAIN!
MAYBE SHE'LL CHANGE
HER MIND!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SOPHIE! IT'S ME, CHARLES! I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TOO SERIOUS TO SEE! GO AWAY, FUNNY MAN!

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I'VE GOT TO HAVE YOUR LOVE!

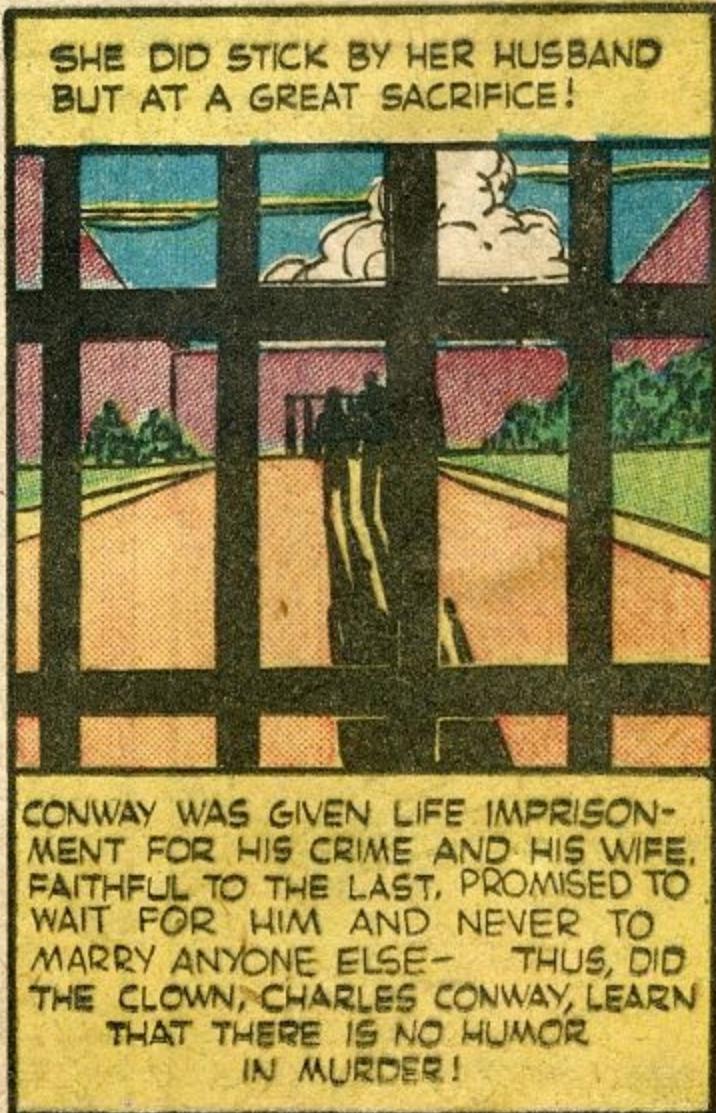
GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!

YOU'RE MAKING A COMPLETE FOOL OF YOURSELF, AND I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF IT! NOW GO BEFORE I CALL YOUR WIFE!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL!



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THROUGH THE HAUNTED STREETS OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, STALKED TWO OF HISTORY'S MOST HORRIBLE GHOULS—HARE AND BURKE! IT WAS THE YEAR 1829—THE YEAR IN WHICH TWO NIGHTMARISH CREATURES BEGAN THE BLOODIEST PARTNERSHIP IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME—THEIR BUSINESS—MURDER, THEIR MERCHANDISE WAS CORPSES!

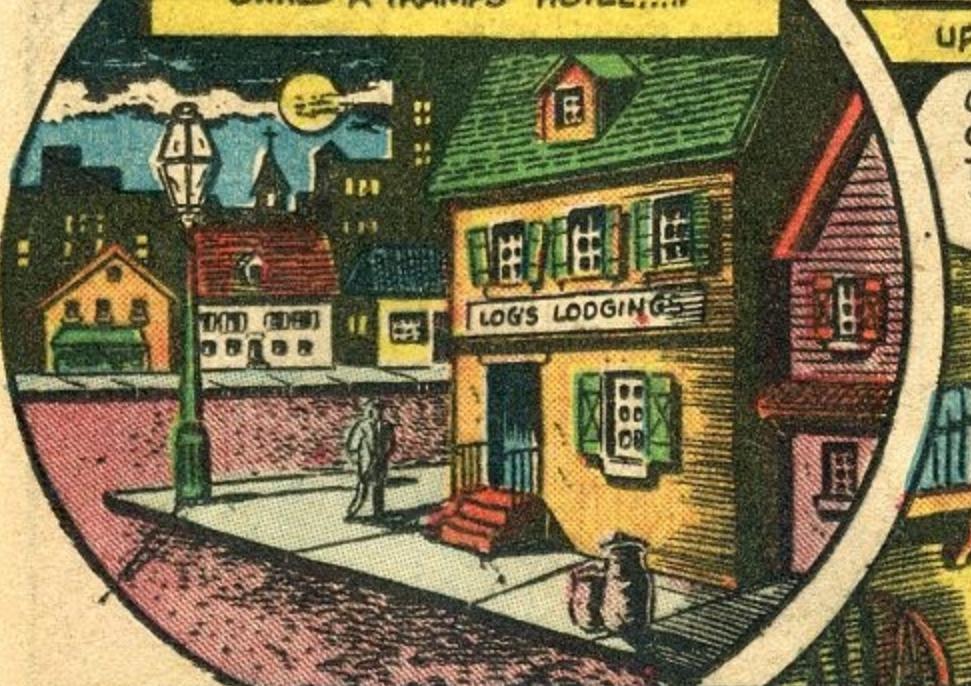
"Ghouls Gold"

Drawn By **JACK ALDERMAN**

Story By **ROBERT BERNSTEIN**



ON THE WORST SECTION OF SHEFFIELD, BURKE AND HARE OWNED A TRAMPS' HOTEL....



UPSTAIRS...

GOOD FOR NOTHING CHEAT-ROBBER! GIVE US THE FOUR POUNDS RENT YOU OWE US!

KICKING A CORPSE WON'T RAISE OUR MONEY, HARE! HOWEVER I'VE GOT A SCHEME TO MAKE DONALD PAY US BACK WITH INTEREST!

THIS IS A TRUE CRIME STORY OF MURDER AND TREMENDOUS SUSPENSE AND IMPACT.

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THE BUM IS SOON BURIED....

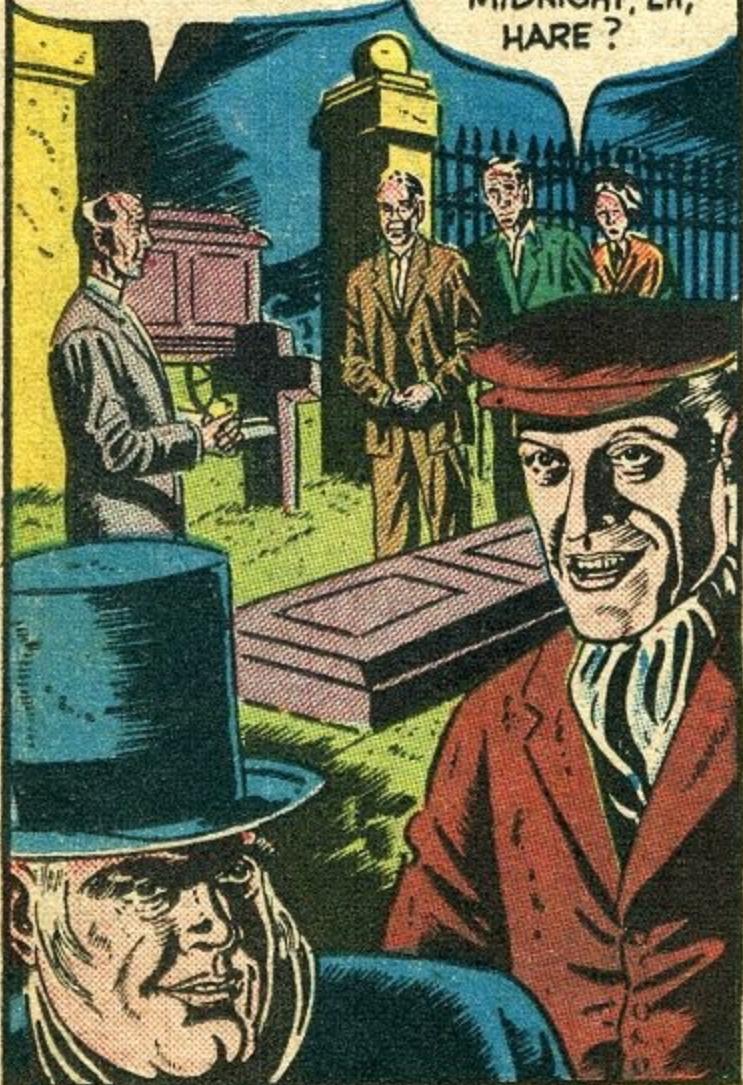
ASHES TO ASHES
AND DUST TO DUST!

AND DONALD
TO US, AT
MIDNIGHT, EH,
HARE?

MIDNIGHT...

IT SEEMS I'VE DUG TWELVE
FEET ALREADY! WHERE IS
THAT RAT'S COFFIN?

PATIENCE, BURKE, WE'LL
SOON HAVE THE BODY!



AH, LOOK AT 'IM
SNORIN'. LIFT 'IM
GENTLY, BURKE, SO
YOU DON'T WAKE
UP THE STIFF, HA!
HA!

DON'T WORRY,
HARE! NOTHIN'
BUT JUDGMENT
DAY'S GOING
TO WAKE
'IM UP!

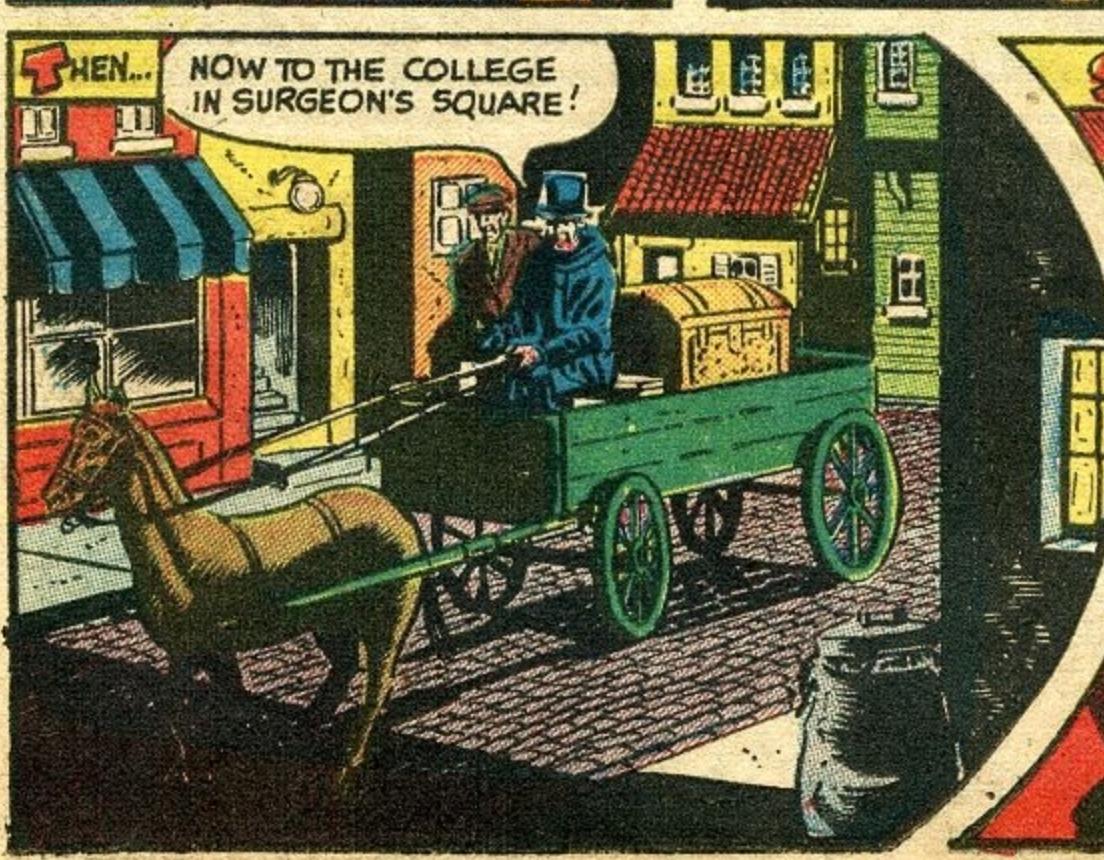
UGH!! HE'S HEAVY... PITY WE
CAN'T SELL 'IM BY THE POUND!

DON'T KNOW AS DONALD'LL
TURN TO DUST... BUT HE'S
TURNED TO BRUSHWOOD
PLENTY FAST!



THEN...

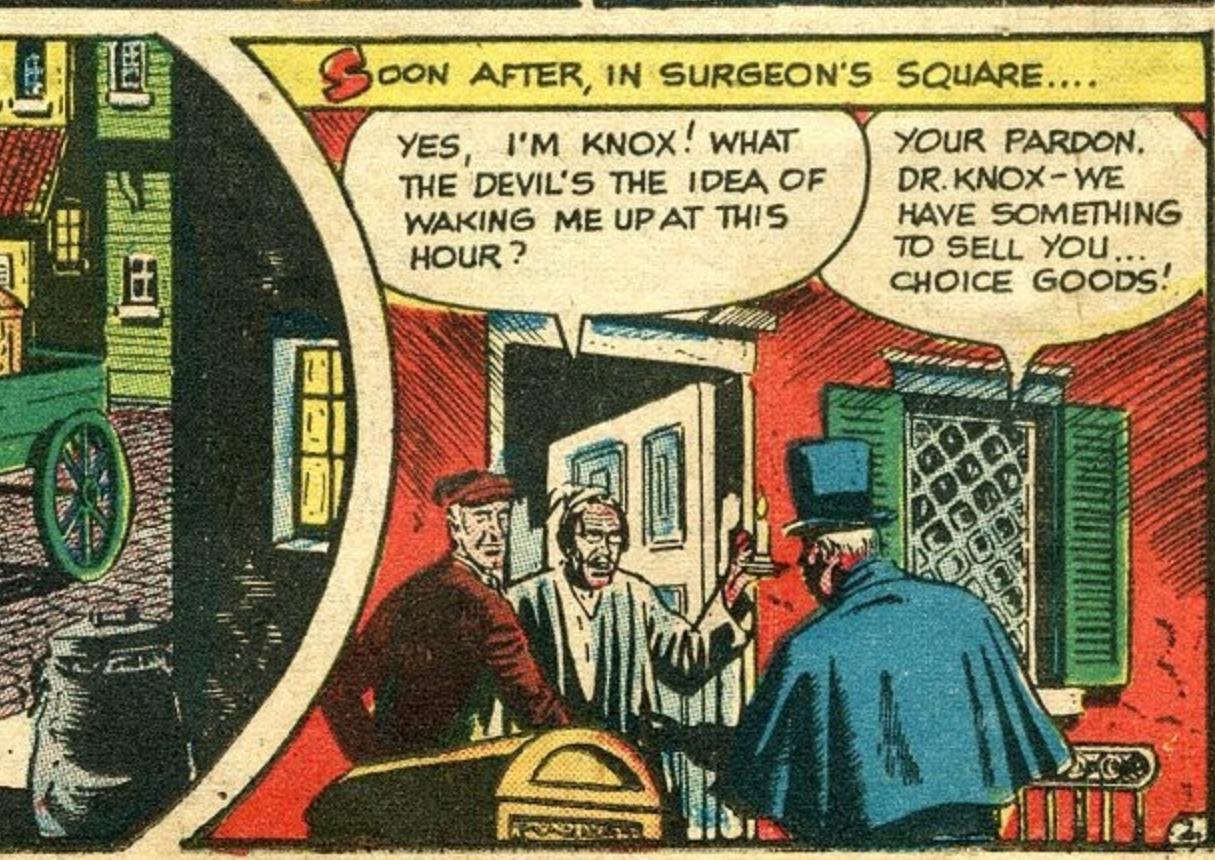
NOW TO THE COLLEGE
IN SURGEON'S SQUARE!



SOON AFTER, IN SURGEON'S SQUARE...

YES, I'M KNOX! WHAT
THE DEVIL'S THE IDEA OF
WAKING ME UP AT THIS
HOUR?

YOUR PARDON.
DR. KNOX - WE
HAVE SOMETHING
TO SELL YOU...
CHOICE GOODS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE WHOLE, NOT A BAD CORPSE, MR. HARE! I CAN USE AS MANY AS YOU CAN DELIVER ME...FOR COLLEGE DISSECTION WORK!

TEN POUNDS! OH, DR. KNOX, WE SHALL KEEP YOU WELL SUPPLIED FOR THESE PRICES!

BACK AT LOG'S LODGINGS...

TEN POUNDS A CORPSE! AYE! THAT'S A FINE PRICE! I WISH WE COULD FIND MORE CORPSES!

FIND THEM? I SAY, LET'S MAKE MORE!



A WONDERFUL IDEA! BUILD UP OUR OWN MARKET AND WE'LL BEGIN BUSINESS AT ONCE!



ON SECOND THOUGHT WE'D BETTER NOT USE KNIVES! SHE MUSTN'T MAKE ANY OUTCRY! WE'LL SMOOTHER THE OLD CROW!



I DIDN'T THINK THE OLD GIRL HAD THAT MUCH LIFE IN HER. SHE WON'T DIE EASILY!

TWO MORE MINUTES, BURKE, AND WE'LL BE BACK IN BUSINESS!

TO-MORROW YOU TAKE OUR DEAR DEPARTED LODGER TO DR. KNOX! TELL HIM SHE'S YOUR AUNT! MEANWHILE I'LL HUNT FOR MORE ADDITIONS TO OUR "FAMILY"!!!



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THE NEXT DAY HARE AND BURKE STARTED TO DRUM UP "TRADE".

SUDDENLY...

OHHH!!

THIS ISN'T ALL, MY FRIEND! THE BEST IS COMING!

IS HE DEAD YET? YOU'VE BEEN CHOKING HIM FOR THREE MINUTES...

HE'S JUST BEING STUBBORN BUT IT WON'T GET HIM ANYWHERE.

WHACK!



SOMETIMES THE TWO DEALERS IN DEATH MET STRONGER OPPOSITION, AS....

I SAY! WHAT GOES ON, HEY?

MISSSED HIM!
HARE! I MISSED HIM!



BRAIN ME, WILL YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU SCOUNDREL!

HARE...!
STOP 'IM!



COMING, BURKE!

AIEEEE!!

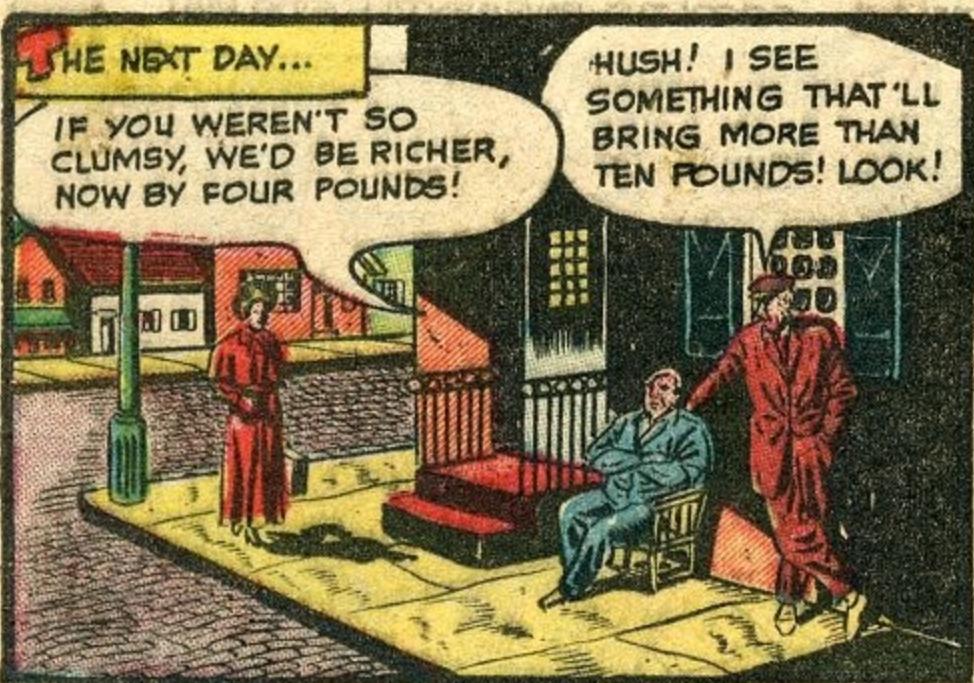


SO...SO, YOU'RE HARE!
WELL, YOU W--WERE HARE!

NO! NO! STAY AWAY. YAH!!!



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT THE JANITOR OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL MADE A TERRIFYING DISCOVERY...

MARY! MRS. McGOWAN,
LOOK! M-MY NIECE,
MARY, LYING HERE
DEAD! SHE'S BEEN
KILLED! OHHHH!

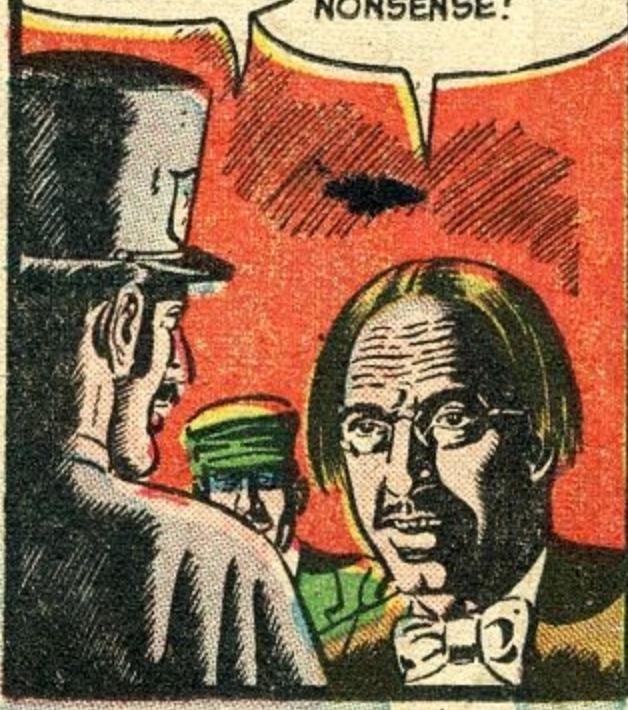
LAND
SAKES,
MR.
PATTERSON!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!



LATER...

WE BELIEVE
THAT GIRL WAS
MURDERED, DR.
KNOX! WHO
SOLD YOU HER
BODY?

TWO MEN
NAMED HARE
AND BURKE...THEY
OWN LOG'S
LODGINGS
NEAR WESTPORT.
THIS IS MERE
STUFF AND
NONSENSE!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT LOG'S
LODGINGS, BUSINESS AS
USUAL...

SORRY I HAD TO
STAB HER, BURKE,
BUT SHE WAS
SCREAMING TOO
LOUD! NOW WE
WON'T GET MORE
THAN 5 POUNDS FOR
HER!

WELL,
THAT'S
THE LUCK
IN THIS
RACKET,
HARE—
CAN'T
EXPECT
PROSPERITY
ALL THE TIME!



JUST THEN, A POLICE RAID....

WE'VE CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED! GET THEM!

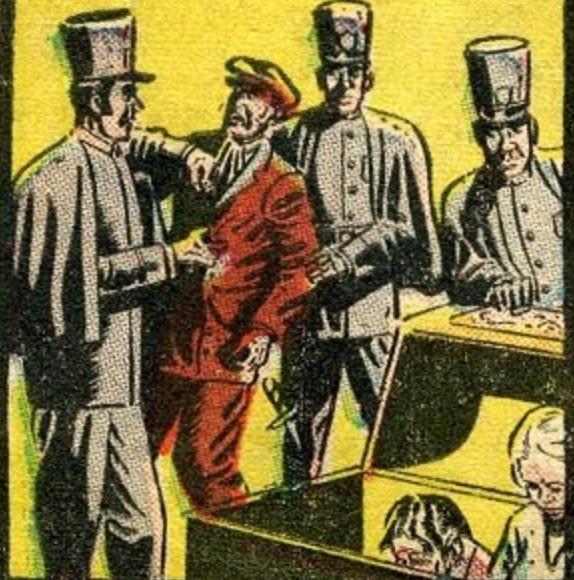
SOMEONE'S BETRAYED US! YEOW!

EEEEEE!

GOOD! THE PAVEMENT'LL STOP HIM!

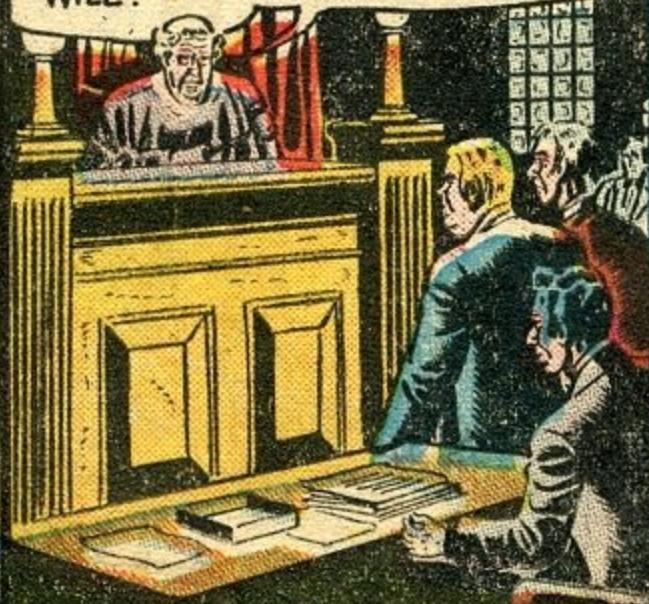


OWW! YOU FIENDS WILL SUFFER MORE THAN A FALL AND RAP ACROSS THE KNUCKLES BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU!



FINALLY JUSTICE CAUGHT UP WITH HARE AND BURKE....

FOR THE CRIME OF KILLING FORTY-THREE PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD, THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT HORRIBLE ENOUGH FOR YOU—ALL WE CAN DO IS HANG YOU AND WE WILL!



SO MONSTROUS WAS THE EFFECT OF BURKE'S CRIMES ON THE MIND OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE THAT IN "HONOR" OF ITS ORIGINATOR, THE WORD "TO BURKE" IS DEFINED IN THE DICTIONARY AS THE ACT OF SMOTHERING OR CHOKING....



Jack Alderman

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DOCTOR OF EVIL

A
TRUE
STORY



The story of the fake "DOC" MORAN is the story of a slimy being who assumed the disguise of a doctor to help the most vicious killers in the underworld! "DOC" MORAN was especially evil to the law because he "put together" what the police had already shattered, he "mended" what the law had rightfully broken! "DOC" MORAN was more than a criminal... he was a traitor to humanity! This is how he came to his vile end...

VERNON
HENKEL

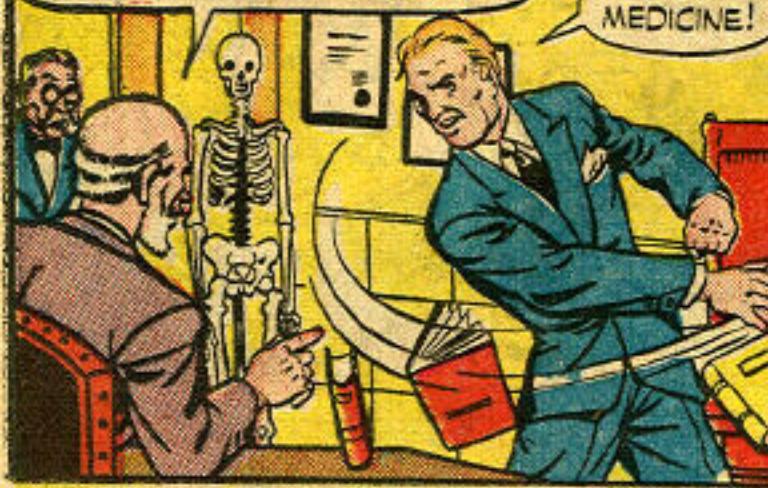


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MORAN STARTED HIS LIFE OF CRIME BY BEING KICKED OUT OF MEDICAL SCHOOL...

DRUNKARDS, LIARS AND THIEVES DO NOT MAKE DOCTORS, MORAN! AND YOU'RE ALL THREE ROLLED INTO ONE! WE'VE TAKEN ENOUGH FROM YOU AND NOW YOU'RE THROUGH! MORAN, YOU'RE EXPELLED AND YOU WILL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO STUDY MEDICINE ANYWHERE!

WHO CARES, OLD BILLY GOAT! THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOU AND YOUR MEDICINE!



SOON AFTER, IN A SPEAKEASY...

ONE OF THE MARTUCCI GANG PUMPED FIVE BULLETS INTO 'IM! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR BADLY!

HEY, MORAN! YOU'RE A SAWBONE! FIX THE KID UP AND YOU'LL GET PLENTY FOR IT!

ME?

SURE, SURE!

I'M THE BEST DOCTOR IN THE WORL'... SURE, LEAVE 'IM T' ME! I'LL FIXSH 'IM GOOD!

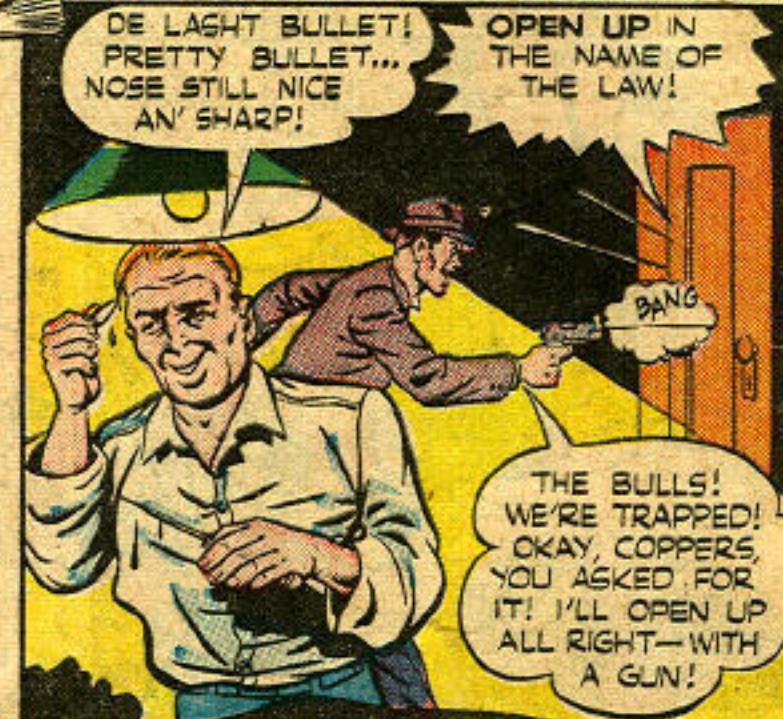


DE LAST BULLET! PRETTY BULLET... NOSE STILL NICE AN' SHARP!

OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

THIS AIN'T EAZSHY WITH AN ICEPICK! YOU SHOULD SHEE ME GO T' TOWN WITH REAL TOOLSH... AH, THERE'SH THE THIRD BULLET!

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! ONLY HURRY! THE BULLS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US AND COULD'VE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL BY NOW!



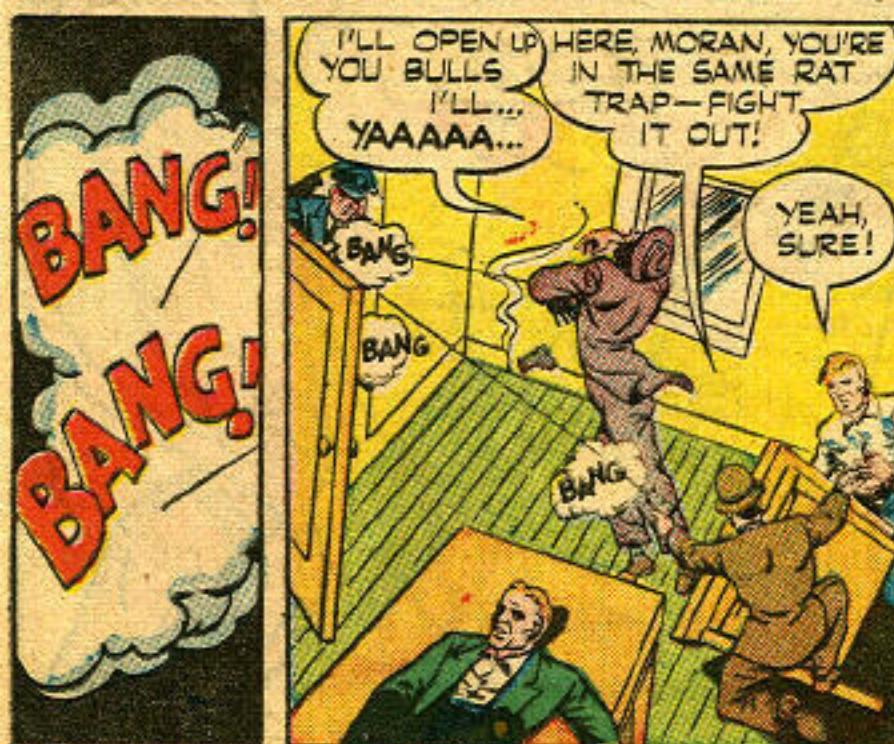
BANG!
BANG!
I'LL OPEN UP HERE, MORAN, YOU'RE YOU BULLS IN THE SAME RAT TRAP—FIGHT IT OUT!

YEAH, SURE!

YEOWWW! MY ARM! D..DON'T SHOOT!! GIMME A BREAK! D..DON'T SHOOT— PLEASE!

GET ON YOUR FEET, YOU RAT!

BANG!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MORAN WAS SENT TO JOLIET PENITENTIARY AND WAS PUT TO WORK IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL. BUT AGAIN, HE MADE TROUBLE.

SLIPPING DRINKS AND KNIVES AND TOOLS TO THE CONVICTS - YOU WANT ME TO ADD TO YOUR SENTENCE, MORAN?

WARDEN, I'M A SMART BOY! YOU ONLY HAVE TO WARN ME ONCE, AND I'M CURED! I GOT MY MEDICINE AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

HERE YOU ARE, OLLIE!

BE CAREFUL WITH THE STUFF! THE WARDEN'S WISE TO ME! AND REMEMBER, SOMEDAY I WANT TO GET PAID OFF FOR ALL THIS!

WHEN I GET ON THE STREET AGAIN, MORAN, YOU'LL BE MY BOY! NOTHIN' WILL BE TOO GOOD FOR YA! EVEN WHEN THEY SPRING YA BEFORE MY TIME YOU'LL GET YER REWARD!

WHEN MORAN FINISHED HIS SENTENCE...

HEY, BUD, YER NAME MORAN? OLLIE BURG WROTE US YOU WERE GETTIN' SPRUNG TODAY! WE GOT OUR ORDERS TO FIX YOU UP WITH ANYTHING YOU WANT!

SO OLLIE BURG MEANT WHAT HE SAID! OKAY, GUY, I NEED PLENTY OF FIXING UP!

OLIE SAID I SHOULD GIVE YOU NEAT IDEA! I THIS FOR A STARTER! HE WANTS GET YOU GUYS YOU TO SET UP AN OFFICE IN FOR PATIENTS, CHICAGO AND TAKE CARE OF US. EH? WELL, WITH ONCE IN A WHILE WE GUYS GET THIS KIND OF INTRODUCED TO SOME SLUGS! FEES, I'M GOING TO LIKE MY WORK!

LIKE YER SET-UP, MORAN? WE GOT YA THE BEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN CHICAGO FOR A GOOD FRONT!

A REGULAR DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE: THAT'S ME!

"DOC" MORAN STARTED PRACTICING DURING THE PROHIBITION GANG-WAR DAYS...

DUCK! IT'S BLACKIE BORDEN'S MOB!

SWEET—
LIKE DUCKS
ON A POND!

YAAAAAA!

RATATAT

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OH... I'M DYIN'...
I'M D...DYIN'! GET
ME TO M...MORAN!

THAT'S WHERE
WE'RE GOIN', KID!
MORAN'LL FIX YOU
UP LIKE HE FIXED
LEFTY!

MORAN! HURRY
OVER—YOU KNOW
WHERE! THE KID
CAUGHT A HANDFUL
OF STORMCLOUDS!

TOO BAD! WELL,
THE SILVER LINING'S
ON HIS WAY!...BE
THERE IN TEN
MINUTES!



YOU AIN'T
GOIN' TA
LET ME
DIE, ARE
YA, DOC?

NAW, KID! JUST
RELAX—ONLY BAD
THING, THOUGH, IT'S
GOING TO HURT!
I'VE GOT NO
ANAESTHETIC!

HE'S OUT LIKE A
LIGHT—COULDN'T
STAND THE PAIN, THE
SISSY! BUT HE'LL LIVE!
WANT ME TO TAKE
A PEEK AT YOUR
CUTS, NOW?

YEAH, DOC!
GEE, THE
KID'S
SLEEPING
LIKE A
BABY! HE
OWES HIS LIFE
TA YA, DOC!
YOU'RE OKAY!

HE TREATED HIS PATIENTS UNDER
ALL SORTS OF CONDITIONS!

SLOW DOWN,
YOU LUG!
WANT ME TO
RIP HIM
OPEN?

CAN'T HELP
IT, DOC! WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE
DUST TO
INDIANAPOLIS!



I KNEW I'D KILL
HIM OPERATING
AT THAT
SPEED!

SO IT'S THE STIFF'S HARD LUCK!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS BANK
DOUGH TO INDIANAPOLIS! THEY
WON'T FIND THE JERK DOWN
THIS CLIFF FOR A WHILE,
ANYWAY!

BY FLASHLIGHT...

I'LL KILL
HIM! THIS
ISH LIKE
WORKING
BLIND!

IF YOU DIDN'T
DRINK SO MUCH,
YOUR HANDS
WOULDN'T SHAKE
SO MUCH—AND
YOU COULD FEEL
YOUR WAY INTO
HIS CHEST!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"IF DOC'S BOOZE-SHAKY HANDS SLIPPED, IT WAS JUST TOO BAD. LIFE WAS CHEAP IN GANGLAND!"

HE DESERVED IT!
VERY POOR PATIENT!
HE DIED ON
ME!

WHO WOULDN'T!
SOON YOU WON'T
EVEN BE ABLE TO
HOLD A BOTTLE—
LET ALONE A
KNIFE!

"DOC" MORAN'S DOWNFALL BEGAN
WITH HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE
DILLINGER GANG...

WELL, WE'VE PASSED
THE ILLINOIS BORDERLINE
NOW, HAMILTON!
TOMORROW WE'LL BE
ON OUR WAY OUT OF
ILLINOIS WITH PLENTY
OF MOOLA!

WE
OUGHT TO,
JOHNNY! THAT
BANK ROBBERY'S
BEEN
PLANNED FOR
MONTHS!

BUT JOHN DILLINGER'S SIDE-KICK WAS STRUCK BY SEVEN BULLETS!

FASTER!
FASTER!

I'M
TRYING
AIN'T I?
OH...

BUT WHAT
AM I GOING
TO DO WITH
HIM? HE'S
CAUGHT
SEVEN
BULLETS!

TELEPHONE
DOC MORAN!
THE BOYS SAY
YOU CAN COUNT
ON HIM! I'VE GOT
TO CATCH A
PLANE FOR
TUCSON — THE
GANG'S WAITING
FOR ME THERE!

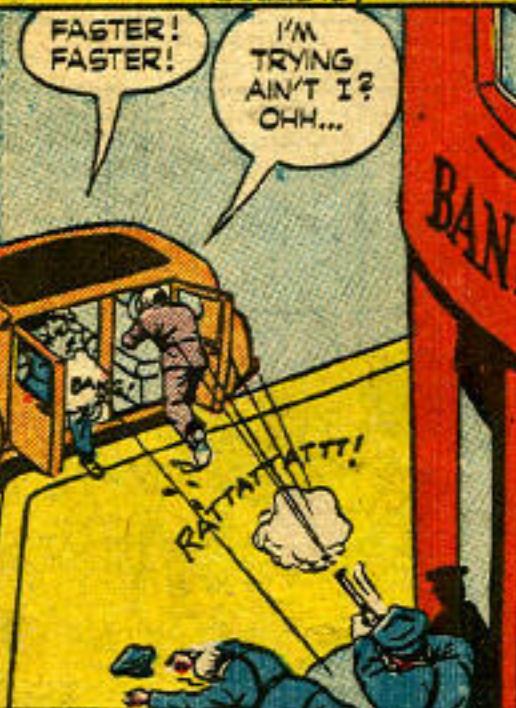
WHEN "DOC"
ARRIVED...

AFTER YOU
POUR THAT
WATER, POUR
ME A DRINK! I'M NERVOUS.

HAMILTON'S HOT AS FIRE!
THE FBI'LL BE SWARMING
DOWN MY NECK! I WAS A
FOOL TO BOTHER
WITH HIM!

CAN IT!

YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD FOR
YOU — THAT'S WHY
YOU CAME!



HAMILTON RECOVERED, ONLY TO BE MORTALLY WOUNDED WHEN THE FBI CAUGHT UP WITH HIS GANG AT A RESORT CALLED "LITTLE BOHEMIA" IN WISCONSIN...

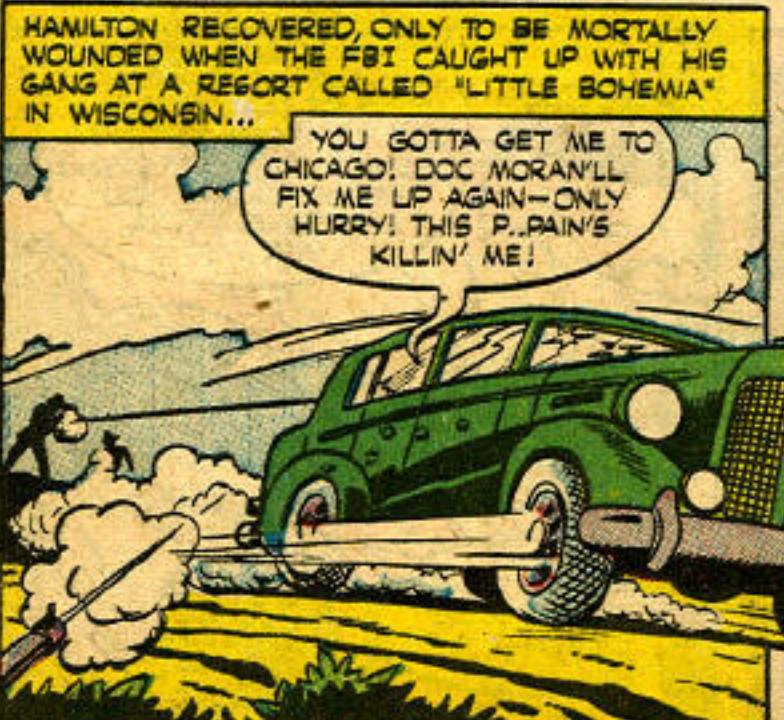
YOU GOTTA GET ME TO
CHICAGO! DOC MORAN'LL
FIX ME UP AGAIN—ONLY
HURRY! THIS P.PAIN'S
KILLIN' ME!

WELL;
DIDN'T
YOU GET
HIM TO
MORAN?

YEAH!
WHAT
ABOUT
HIS
DOCTOR?

HE AIN'T HAD NO DOCTOR!
WE WENT TO SEE MORAN,
BUT WHAT DID HE DO?
TURNED US DOWN COLD!
WOULDN'T TREAT ANYBODY
IN THE DILLINGER GANG!

SAY HE WAS SORE
AT THE DILLINGER
CROWD! MORAN
WAS DRUNK!



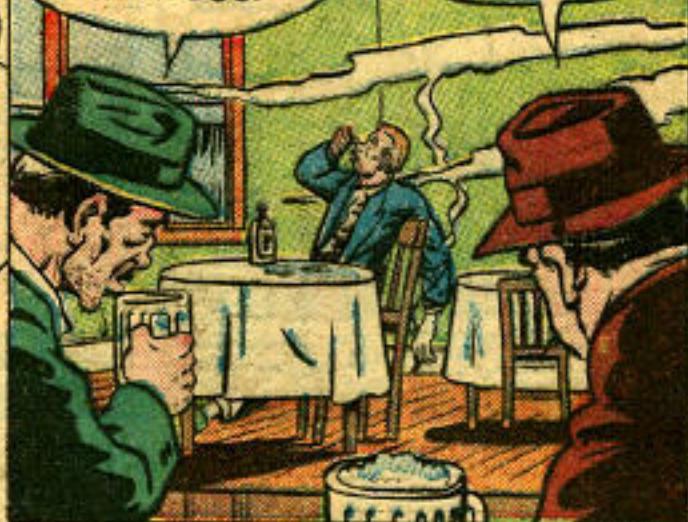
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN HALF AN HOUR, HAMILTON DIED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD AND GANGRENE...

MORAN KILLED HAMILTON! MORAN TURNED YELLOW ON US! THAT AIN'T GONNA BE HAPPY FOR MORAN! NOW WE BETTER BURY HAMILTON! EVEN AS A CORPSE HAMILTON IS TOO HOT! BURY HIM SO NOBODY FINDS HIM, OR HELL GET US ALL IN A JAM!

DIDJA HEAR? MORAN LET HAMILTON DIE WITHOUT LIFTING A HAND TO SAVE HIM! RUSS GOBSON IS GOING TO SETTLE WITH DOC!

NOTHIN' NEW! DOC'S NERVE IS GONE! THAT DON'T MAKE HIM RELIABLE NO MORE! GOBSON'S RIGHT!



ONE DAY, TWO OF GOBSON'S MOBSTERS CALLED ON MORAN.

PLASTIC SURGERY? SURE I CAN DO IT! I CAN DO ANYTHING!
IT BETTER BE A GOOD JOB!

OR ELSE!

SOME WEEKS LATER AT GOBSON'S HIDEOUT...

ALL RIGHT—PEEL! DOC WAS SUPPOSED TO FIX YOU SO YOUR MOTHERS WOULDN'T KNOW YOU! LET'S SEE WHAT HE DONE!

I ASKED HIM TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE TYRONE POWER!



WELL, WHATCHA QUIET FOR? H..HOW DO WE LOOK?

SO DOC WAS GONNA FIX YOU UP LIKE MOVIE STARS, EH? WE'RE SENDING FOR DOC—MAYBE HE'LL ASK YOU BOYS FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPHS!

OH, DOC, CAN YOU RUN DOWN TO THE HIDEOUT? THAT PLASTIC JOB YOU DONE FOR THE BOYS TURNED OUT SWELL! WE WANNA PAY YOU SOMETHING EXTRA FOR IT!



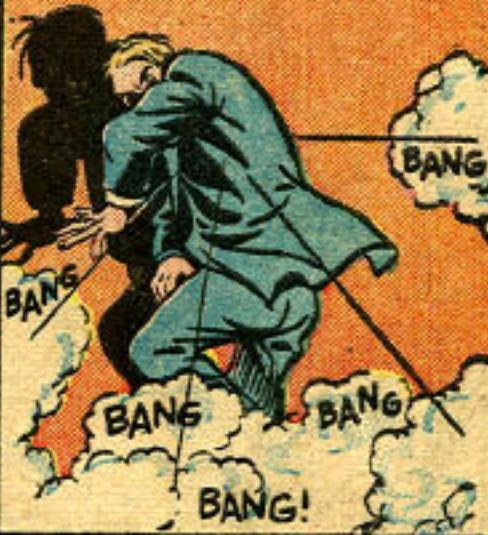
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELL, HERE I AM! SHPEED! SHAY, WHA...
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'
WITH TH' GUNS?

YOU GOT
A LITTLE
REWARD COMING
TO YOU, YOU
DRUNKEN
RAT!

THINK I'M AFRAID OF YOU?
THINK I'M AFRAID OF ANY
OF THISH MOB? YOU
CAN'T HURT ME! I'VE
GOT THISH GANG IN
TH' PALM OF MY
HAND!

NO! N-NO!
EEEKKKK...



WE'VE GOT ENOUGH STONES ON
HIM TO ANCHOR HIM TO THE
BOTTOM FOREVER!



SO DIED "DOC" MORAN, DOCTOR OF EVIL! AND IT WAS
SOON AFTERWARDS THAT THE FBI ROUNDED UP THE
ENTIRE GOBSON GANG, KILLING GOBSON IN A GUN
FIGHT AND PUTTING HIS "BOYS" EITHER ON MORGUE
SLABS OR IN PRISON! AS FOR "DOC", HE IS STILL SOME-
WHERE IN LAKE ERIE — CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

PRE-WAR... WAR... POST-WAR!!!

NOW AS ALWAYS THE

BIG 3

LEAD THE COMIC PARADE!

Remember
"DAREDEVIL",
"BOY",
and "CRIME" does not pay

GIVE YOU THE
MOST FOR YOUR
DIME!



LEV GLEASON
publisher
CHARLES BIRO
and
BOB WOOD
editors

"THE TEAM
THAT CAN'T
BE BEAT!"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHO DUNNIT MYSTERY?

Drawn By JACK ALDERMAN

SEE IF
YOU CAN
FIND
The
Murderer!



DIGAW ROLL THE WAVES WITH THE MARY LOU
AND ONE OF THE ABOVE IS A KILLER...CAN YOU
DISCOVER... WHO DUNNIT??

WELL, BOY, WE
COULDN'T HAVE
PICKED A BETTER
DAY FOR A SAIL!

IT'S LOVELY.
WILL WE
BE GOING
OUT TO SEA,
CAPTAIN?

I DON'T USUALLY LIKE TO
TAKE MY FRIENDS OUT TOO
EARLY, MISS BLANE, BUT I GUESS
WE CAN TAKE A REAL TRIP IN
THIS CRIM WEATHER!

CUT NEARBY AT A NAVY
WEATHER STATION...

THE OLD BAROMETER'S
RISING FAST... STOUT
THE STORM. MAINTAINS
SOUND... CALL IN ALL
SHIPS... LOOKS LIKE A
GOOD NIGHT!

YES
SIR!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LIKE A MADDENED BEAST THE HURRICANE SWEEPS DOWN ON THE MARY LOU...

WHOA! SO THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL DAY WE WERE SPEAKING ABOUT... TAKE THE TILLER, MR. KING! WE'RE PULLING IN SAIL AND HEADING BACK!

RIGHTO!

BUT THE FURY OF THE STORM MOUNTS RAPIDLY...

WHAT'S WRONG, CAPTAIN? WE SEEM TO BE GOING FURTHER OUT TO SEA!

THE WIND'S TOO STRONG FOR US... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT IT OUT!

TOSS IT OUT, YOU MEAN!

BUT AN EVIL HAND HAD SETTLED ON THE MARY LOU AND HER CREW... FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS THE STORM BATTERED HER FARTHER AND FARTHER OUT TO SEA....



'IS SHE HURT BADLY?

THE MAST... IT HIT HER SHOULDER- I DON'T KNOW'

CAPTAIN, DO YOU HAVE ANY MEDICAL SUPPLIES?



FINALLY A GREAT BLAST WEAKENED THE STOUT MAST... AND

ETHEL!



NO! I HAVE NO MEDICAL SUPPLIES ABOARD AND ONLY A GALLON OF WATER AND A BOX OF CRACKERS LEFT FOR FOOD...

GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT WILL WE DO? IT CAN'T LAST FOR EVER... WE'LL MAKE IT ALRIGHT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ANOTHER TWO DAYS PASSED... APPETITES AND TEMPERS FLARED UP...

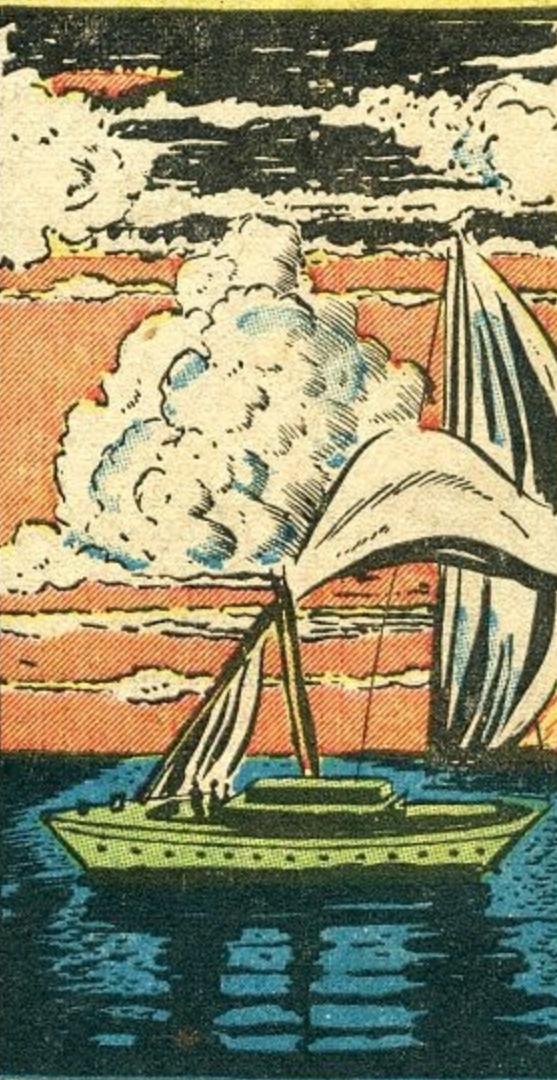
TWO OUNCES OF WATER AND A CRACKER! IS THAT ALL WE GET?

GREAT HEAVENS, CAPTAIN... CAN'T WE HAVE MORE THAN THAT!

ONE WILL GET HIS JUST SHARE AND NO MORE, EXCEPT FOR MRS. SPEERS... BECAUSE OF HER CONDITION SHE WILL RECEIVE DOUBLE RATIONS!



AND AS THE DAYS PASSED THE STORM ABATED BUT THE MARY LOU WAS MANY MILES OUT TO SEA... DEATH WAS MOVING IN...



MINDS BECAME CLOUDED....

NOT MUCH WATER LEFT... MRS. SPEERS NEEDS MORE!

THAT SICK WOMAN... WHY DOES SHE NEED SO MUCH WATER?

IT ISN'T RIGHT TO SAY... BUT IN HER CONDITION SHE PROBABLY NEEDS MORE TO SURVIVE!

PLEASE DON'T GIVE ME MORE THAN MY SHARE!



SPEERS, I KNOW YOU'RE GIVING YOUR RATIONS TO YOUR WIFE... YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE YOUR OWN! THIS SUN WILL GET YOU!

SO WHAT...? WHAT DIFFERENCE... IF IT WILL SAVE HER LIFE!

WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE HER... WHY COULDN'T THE MAST HAVE HIT ME... WHY? WHY?

TAKE IT EASY, SPEERS! YOU SHOULDN'T GET TOO EXCITED IN THIS SUN!

GREAT HEAVENS! CAN'T YOU STOP HIM FROM HUMMING LIKE THAT!

MR. SPEERS WHAT'S HE SINGING? IS A COMPOSER, THAT'S HIS NEWEST MELODY... LET HIM ALONE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LET HIM ALONE?
HE'LL DRIVE US ALL
MAD... DO SOMETHING!

TAKE IT EASY,
MISS BLANE
TRY TO RELAX...
WE'LL BE
HAVING OUR
RATIONS AGAIN
SOON!

RATIONS!
HA! HA!
TWO OUNCES
OF WATER AND
A CRACKER?
DO YOU CALL
THAT FOOD?

ON AND ON DRIFTED THE MARY LOU.... AND
LOUDER AND LOUDER SOUNDED THE TUNE OF
COMPOSER GERALD SPEERS...

IN THE COOL OF NIGHT ONLY THE HUMMING
OF GERALD SPEERS CAN BE HEARD OVER THE
STILL WATERS...

POOR GUY... HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND...
PROBABLY WE'LL ALL BE SOON!

I HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER,
DARLING... I WANT... SOME
THING... OF YOURS... TO GO
WITH ME...

SWEET GIRL...
BLASTED SHAME!
GOTTA GET SOME
SLEEP!

NEXT MORNING...

'EEE..YAA!

THEY'RE GONE! THE SPEERS
HAVE DISAPPEARED!

GOOD HEAVENS!
...OVERBOARD!
MAD...
MUST HAVE
TAKEN HER
OVERBOARD
WITH HIM!

PERHAPS!
BUT HE WAS
PRETTY WEAK-
OUT OF HIS
MIND MOST OF
THE TIME!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Detective Currans thinks otherwise...

I want each of you to tell me what you heard last night... one of us might have killed them for the rations!

How fantastic! I heard nothing!

Neither did I... maybe she rolled over board, and he went after her!

One of her hands might have dragged in the water... a shark might've snatched at the shiny bracelet she wore!

How about you, Currans... just because you're a detective doesn't mean you're free from suspicion!

No it doesn't but I'm not worried... for you see....



..I know who killed Mr. and Mrs. Speers and will prove it one day... if we are rescued!



The next day...

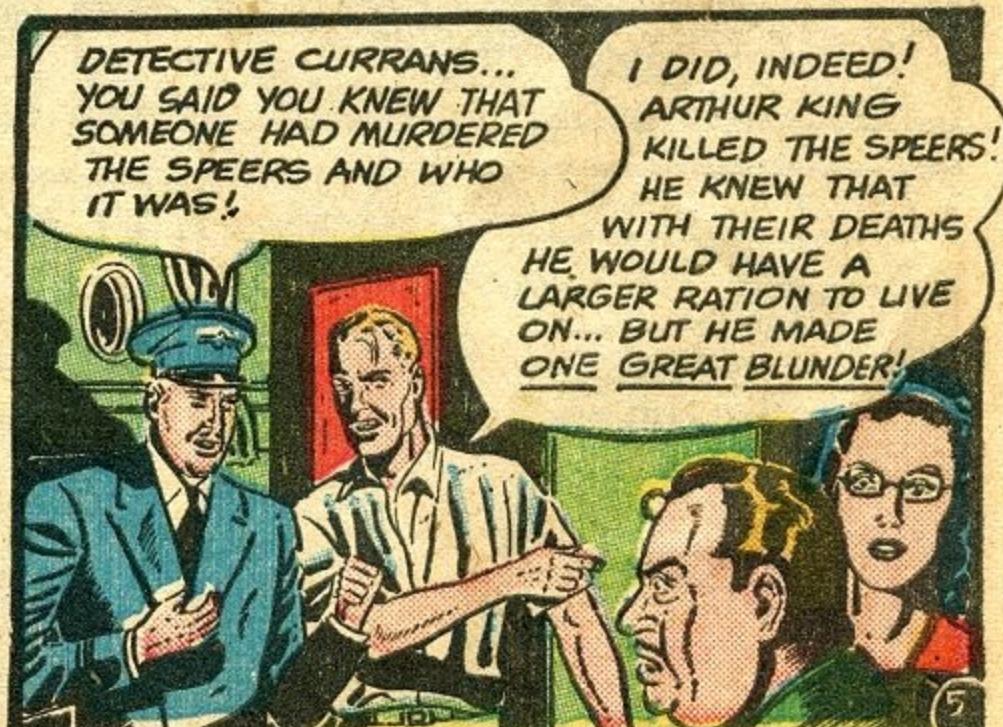
A boat... they see us... oh, thank heavens!

It's a freighter... we couldn't have lasted another day!

Great glory! At last!



Then...



Detective Currans... you said you knew that someone had murdered the Speers and who it was!

I did, indeed! Arthur King killed the Speers! He knew that with their deaths he would have a larger ration to live on... but he made one great blunder!

IS DETECTIVE CURRANS RIGHT IN HIS ACCUSATION—AND IF SO—WHY? TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU SAID THE NEXT DAY THAT A SHARK MIGHT HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED TO MRS. SPEERS' BRACELET WHEN SHE HAD HER ARM IN THE WATER AND DRAGGED HER IN! MRS. SPEERS WORE NO BRACELET UNTIL THE NIGHT OF HER DEATH WHEN SHE PUT ON HER HUSBAND'S, FEARING SHE WAS GOING TO DIE... I SAW HER DO IT... NO ONE BUT THE KILLER COULD HAVE KNOWN SHE WORE A BRACELET AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH!

YOU SWINE!
LIAR!



ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!
I CONFESS! I WAS
OUT OF MY MIND!
I'M THE KILLER!



13 million men and women will wear one!!

IT STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE
TO OUR COUNTRY!



WHAT
DOES THIS
MEAN?

ALL MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE HONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMED FORCES WILL WEAR THIS BUTTON. REMEMBER, THEY HAVE SERVED AMERICA WELL. AND SO HELPED PROTECT THE THINGS YOU LOVE...YOUR HOME, YOUR FAMILY, YOUR FREEDOM!!! JOIN IN SAYING TO THEM "WELL DONE AND WELCOME HOME!"